

Sand Crabs Never Mate for Life

I look out the curtainless window in my bedroom, the one
with the new coffee pot next to it, the one
with the window fan still in even though it's mid March
in Pennsylvania,

and it feels so familiar.

Do you remember when we went tide pooling last summer?
We crouched down in the west coast rocks and you said
we were a pair of sand crabs
living beneath the
same
shell.

I sit on my bed, naked. The bare
trees sway minutely to a wind I can't
feel, and the meter reader zigzags between houses. The neighbor's
zigzag

up
American flag wraps itself
on its pole. The snow can't make its mind up
on whether or not to
fall.